

THIS

SATURDAY

Evening Post

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A LEGEND OF GARONNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. PYBURN.

One summer eve, as a bank of clouds
Came up in the west when the day was done;
A lady came down to the bank of Garonne,
Came down to Robin the ferrymen's son;
And besought him to take her across the
stream,—

The distance was short, but a mile or more,—

He turned from her pretty pleading face,—

And scanned the dark waves o'er and o'er.

Though I row the boat never so carefully,—see!

The night is falling, the wind is high;

We may be drowned, ere we reach the lights,

On the far shore yonder,—you and I:

And yet I see by your earnest face,

So white with purpose, that you must go:—

Well! my arm is a strong one, Magdalene;

And my heart is brave, as well you know.

But much I marvel that you should come,

To-night, of all nights,—and to me, alone,

In a rising storm to take you across

The angry waters of dark Garonne;

When if rumor is right the summer sun

Will shine to-morrow on you a bride,—

An old man's darling, with pearls in your hair,

Your bosom swelling with youthful pride.

To me! whom you've slighted and spurned and

stung,

With your haughty ways and your bitter

scorn;

Whose heart you have wrung with so much of

pain,

I could see the day I was ever born!

Yet, Magdalene! not for myself care I,

Though these waves should cover me o'er and

o'er;

So, if labor and skill can avail to-night,

You shall safely pass to the farthest shore.

Then lightly the lady stepped aboard,

And lightly the shallow sought the main;

The while the freshening wind blew drops

Of foam on her cheeks and hair like rain:

No thought of danger she seemed to know,

She looked at Robin, and him alone;

While her lips were wreathed with a trusting

smile,

Her eyes with a radiant brightness shone.

What did he think of the lady's scorn,

And what did he think of the lady's pride,

When midway over the angry stream

He found her cowering at his side?

And was it a dream—the marvellous words

Were breathed on his bosom rather than

spoken;

"Oh, Robin, my father is cold and proud,

He has tortured his child till her heart is

broken."

"And if I've seemed cold, or have turned away,

It was that I could not, dare not meet

So much as a glance of your loving eyes,

So much as a clasp of your fingers, sweet!

I've tempted the tempest, I've tempted the

storm,—

To the love of my girlhood I will be true,—

And rather than be an unwilling bride,

I would die to-night in these waves with you!"

For a moment forgetting the danger near,

From his hands the light oars slipped away,

While his arms were round her drooping form,

Her head on his throbbing bosom lay;

The next the waves like hungry things,

Leaping and murmuring covered them o'er;

The boat went down with a little moan,

The wind passed by,—they were seen no

more!

Next morning the angry storm was gone,

The sky was as blue as a sky could be;

The light waves murmured along the beach,

And sung on their way as they sought the

sea:

No trace were there of love or despair,

No shadow was over their brightness thrown;

All was serene as a summer dream,

And this is the Legend of Garonne!

Legansport, Ind.

SONNET.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Most men know love but as a part of life;
They hide it in some corner of the breast;
Even from themselves; and only when they
rest,—

In the brief pauses of that daily strife
Wherewith the world might else be not so

ripe,—

They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy
To soothe some ardent, him exacting boy),
And hold it up to sister, child or wife.
Ah me! why may not love and life be one!

Why walk we thus alone, when by our side
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?

How would the marts grow noble, and the
street,

Worn now like dungeon floors by weary feet,

Seem like a golden court-way of the sun!

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM
OF THE FOREST," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1867, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court of the United States, in and for
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VII.

A CONSULTATION.

Have you never, in a dream, had a sensation
of falling from some fearful height—of going
down, into some dark and awful abyss—
and, just at the moment when you were expect-
ing to be crushed out of existence, suddenly
found yourself awaking, with a start and a thrill
of joyful relief, in your own comfortable bed?
Sensations not unlike these were mine, as I
stood one moment in peril of my life and the
next I was saved.

I glanced at Captain Sebastian. His brow
was still dark, and there was still deadly malice
in his eye. He looked like a wicked man baf-
fled in a dark design, but who still had hope of
success.

"Ernest La Grange is with these gentlemen
who are now approaching and will soon be
here!" he said, fixing his eye sternly upon
mine.

"Thank God for that!" I ejaculated; "for I
shall soon have the satisfaction of proving to
you all how much I have been wronged by your
suspicions."

"You still persist then in your innocence?"
he rejoined, in a modified tone, and with a par-
tial clearing up of his countenance, as if he were
beginning to believe my statement might be true.

"To you, my noble friend," I replied, with
a smile in my eyes, "I have nothing to forgive,
but rather do I owe my life to you!"

"What should we have been on the point of
putting to death for a villain the dear friend of
my son?" he pursued: "I shudder to think
of it!"

"Nay, blame not yourself, Mr. La Grange—
nor you, gentlemen!" said I; "for I admit that
appearances were much against me; and had I
been circumstanced as you were, I believe I
might have thought and acted as you did."

"Several of the party now stepped forward,
shook my hand warmly, said they were sorry
for what had occurred, and hoped I would not
think all Southern gentlemen wild beasts, as I
had some right to do, considering the reception
I had met with on my first appearance in that
region.

But the most marked change was in Captain
Sebastian. Suddenly his face cleared up, with
a smile that was really fascinating, and his voice
became soft and musical; as he stepped forward,
and, with hearty frankness, said, as he proffered
his hand:

"Sir, you owe a very humble apology! You
said, you remember, you would either have an
apology or satisfaction, and it now affords me
great satisfaction to tender the apology!"

"Which proves you a gentleman of whom I
need no longer be in deadly fear!" I smiled in
return.

"Wal, now, this ere's so' thing like, I snuff to
Guinea!" I heard Caleb say, in reply to some-
thing that had been addressed to him, and the
men released him from his painful situation and
assisted him to his feet. "I thought you was
going to du it though, one time, I tell you;
but you'd a missed it plaguy, and no mistake!"

You see we're gentlemen, as much as any of
you be. The Doctor, here, he's college-educated,
and his father's a rich merchant in the big
city of Philadelphia; and I've got the good
skulke larning, have teached one winter, and my
gran'ther, as I told you afore, fit in the Revolu-
tion."

The bugles sounded, the tramp of horses was
heard, and presently the other party came dash-
ing up. Among them I saw Miss Brandon, and
my friend Ernest riding by her side; and just
behind them was the stolid, matter-of-fact
Dutchman, mounted on his own beast and lead-
ing mine.

I have in my time had many a warm friend
and received many a hearty welcome, but I do
not think my presence ever afforded more real,
heart-felt pleasure to any human being than it
now did to Ernest La Grange. He was a warm,
earnest, confiding, enthusiastic, generous nature,
with the artless naïveté of a child and as little
deceit as I ever found in man. Though a little
too effeminate in appearance, perhaps to please
some, to me he was always handsome; for there
was something so bright and noble in his face,
it was so full of intelligence and soul, that I never
seemed to weary of looking at it. He was just
my age, two-and-twenty—but he was so very
youthful that I appeared to be several years his
senior. Though of French descent, he had a

pure Saxon complexion—a light, fair skin, light
curling hair, and deep blue eyes. There was a
classic beauty in his clearly-defined and finely-
cut features—in his high, noble brow, straight,
chiseled nose, full, firm mouth, and well-rounded
chin. With the exception of a light, silken
mustache and imperial, his face was almost as
smooth and heartless as a woman's. He was
about medium in height, slender and compactly
built, and with a natural grace of carriage and
ease of manner that conveyed the idea of a
polished gentleman. Though there was the un-
mistakable pride of birth, breeding and charac-
ter in his every look and action, yet there was
never anything haughty or supercilious, except
when brought in contact with such qualities in
another, and then he was almost unapproachable.
To me he was always kind, sincere and confid-
ing. From the very first we had been
drawn to each other, our acquaintance had
rapidly ripened into the most intimate friend-
ship, and from that time forward there had never
been so much as a shadow of distrust or ill-
will between us; and this, as the world goes, was
a great deal—more especially as we were
both proud, quick, fiery-tempered men.

"And to think how near we have been to
putting him and his companion here to death!
mistaking them for a part of the gang that kid-
napped Miss Brandon!" exclaimed Mr. La
Grange.

"Do not mention it, I pray you!" said I; "it
was only a mistake."

"What?" cried Ernest, lifting his hands with
horror; "what do I hear? Good heavens! do I
not know a gentleman from a ruffian when
you see him?"

"Several of the party hung their heads.

"I was determined to save him till you re-
joined us at all events," said Mr. La Grange;

"but had he not discovered, through hearing
of my name, that I was your father, Ernest, and
had not the sound of your bugle at that moment
reached us, I fear I might have had some
trouble in keeping my son here, Captain Sebastian,
from putting the rope around his neck!"

"Ernest cast an indignant glance at the Cap-
tain, and Colonel Brandon at once took the mat-
ter up.

"How is this?" he demanded, turning to Sa-
bastian.

"Yes, blame the affair on me!" replied the
latter, compressing his lips, and evidently strug-
gling to keep down a naturally fiery temper,
that seldom brooked blame or opposition. "I
found him, and the other man, and the boy in
the tree, and I believed I had got hold of two
outlaws."

"But surely you would not have punished
them without trial?" said the Colonel.

"We did try them to my satisfaction," an-
swered the Captain.

"And would you have presumed to execute
them, in the absence of these gentlemen and myself,
and we so near?" pursued the Col-
onel.

"Perhaps I should," said Captain Sebastian,
"for my anger was in the ascendant and I feared
your mercy."

"I trust I am merciful," returned Colonel
Brandon, slowly and deliberately, as if weighing
his words; "but if you had carried matters to
such an extreme, you might have had cause per-
haps to fear my justice more!" I said, glad, how-
ever, that no harm had been done.

"Nay, blame not yourself, Mr. La Grange—
nor you, gentlemen!" said I; "for I admit that
appearances were much against me; and I
believe I might have been mistaken for a
common cut-throat."

"But surely you would not have punished
them without trial?" said the Colonel.

"I trust he will display the same zeal in
bringing the guilty to justice that he did in en-
deavoring to destroy the innocent!" said Ernest.

"Circumstances were against us, it is true," said I;

mostly winning or losing with the nonchalance of experienced gamblers.

While I was being thus highly feted and honored, it pleased me to observe that my fellow travellers were not forgotten. Caleb and Peter were the guests of Colonel Brandon; and though not dragged every where like myself, they received sufficient attentions to satisfy them.

"Hello, Doctor, how'd ye do? how'd ye come on?" was the salutation I received from Mr. Stebbins the first time we met alone after our separation. "I tell you this ere's the place, and these ere's the people, to make a feller feel to home!" he went on. "We had a pretty narrow dodge on 't when they fust got hold of us, but they've made it up since, I snum! You know the boss I lost?"

"Yes."

"Wal, the Colonel's gin me another, that'd just knock spots all out of him—with a hundred and fifty, if not two hundred dollars, by gosh!" Aint that dunit on, hey?"

"I am glad to see you have been so liberally rewarded."

"Yes, it takes these Southern chaps to do up the thing, and no mistake!"

"They are generally men of strong prejudices and passions," said I, "and either warm friends or bitter enemies. If we had been what they first supposed us to be, nothing could have saved us; and now it seems they cannot do enough to atone for their mistake."

"Pear to me, though, they ought to know better to take us for gal catchers, hoss thieves, nigger stealers, and them kind of scamps—don't you think so?"

"I was not flattered by the mistake."

"I guess not. It looked to me as if it was the Captain's work, though—that are Mexican feller, you know—and I didn't like his looks, I tell you!"

"He was excited and angry, and, being one of those men who are too much controlled by a fiery temper, he did not stop to consider. He made simple apologies as soon as he found out his mistake, you remember, and has acted the gentleman in every way since."

"I haint seen him since."

"I have, more than once."

"And you like him, hey?"

"I have seen others I liked quite as well."

"Yes, I guess so. I wouldn't like him, I know. I'm dreadful queer about some things; and so's our hull Stebbins family—from my granter, that fit in the Revolution, down. If I don't like a chap, I don't, and there's an end on it, and what's more, there aint nothing can make me other."

"I suppose you don't forget how near you came to being shot or hung by his orders?"

"Jerusalem! I guess not. Great giner! wasn't that a go?" Pheew!"

"Does your antipathy extend far down through posterity?" queried I, being in rather a quizzical mood.

"Does my what du what?" exclaimed Caleb, opening his mouth.

"In other words, would you let your direct animosity descend to and through the living and unborn progeny of your fancied adversary down to the last generation of unrecorded time?" I explained I, with a serious air.

"Wal, see here—I say, you—I haint got the fact idee of what you're driving at—I snum, I haint—that's a fact!" returned Caleb, with a look of helpless perplexity.

"Well, then, to bring the matter within your comprehension, let me ask you if you are disposed to carry your feelings of repugnance to his possible children and all their descendants? In short, Captain Sebastian has a child—a daughter—young, lovely and wealthy—and I want to know if your dislike of the father does or will extend to her also?"

"Wal, I guess not," replied Caleb, his small eyes twinkling. "I aint much apt to dislike good looking gals."

"Especially when they are wealthy?"

"Joe's soles" so it returned Caleb, his sharp features beginning to take on an expression of shrewd calculation. "How much now d'you s'pose she might be worth, Doctor?"

"Her father is reputed rich, and she an only child."

"A good many thousands, I calculate?"

"H'm negroes alone are worth that."

"Du tell! Ham! Yes! How old d'you s'pose she is now?"

"Well, perhaps sixteen or seventeen."

"Most old enough to marry, I snum!"

"Igote old enough in this region. Girls here sometimes marry at thirteen and fourteen."

"She! you don't say so! If you think she's got any feller now?"

"What do you mean by that? a beau? a lover?"

"Wal, I guess likely."

"I am sure I don't know. And if not, what then? Are you thinking of trying to dazzle her with your accomplishments?"

"S'pose I wouldn't be of no use, would it?"

"You might try—faint heart never won fair lady."

"The fact is," said Caleb, confidentially, "a feller might do worse than git some rich gal round here for a wife—don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think he might do a good deal worse."

"Tell you what, Doctor—a big cotton plantation, with plenty of niggers to do all the work, not nothing to be snared at—he's!" pursued Caleb, swelling with importance at the bare idea.

"You could name many worse things."

"I guess so!" glimmed Mr. Stebbins—one of those shrewd, cunning gins that express so much. "Sence I've got down here, and got a kind of foothold, as one may say, I kind o' calculate I'll try it on—bitch on to these ere gals that's got a plantation bitched on to her like!" and the Yankee ended with a self-satisfied laugh.

"Well, there is the young and pretty Cora Brandon—the sister of Miss Alice—I suppose you will begin, or have already begun, to test your lady killing qualities with her!"

"Taint no use for me to try there!" said Caleb positively.

"How do you know?"

"Cause she's got her eye on you."

"On me!" exclaimed I, with affected surprise, though I felt the hot blood flush my face, under the keen, half-quizzical glance of the Yankee. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, git out, Doctor—don't you know?"

"I know she is a very interesting and lovely girl."

"I guess so; and she knows you're a pretty interesting and handsome feller, or else my name ain't Caleb Stebbins!"

"Why do you think so?" queried I, assuming, as much as I could, a tone and air of indifference.

"Oh, go along now!—d'you think I can't see nothing?"

"But she is only a girl of sixteen."

"Oh, she's new young, is she? 'Tother one was old enough for me, but this ere's one's new young for you! Yes—yes! Oh, git out!"

I changed the conversation. Perhaps there was nothing else in the world the Yankee could have told me at that time that would have afforded me so much internal satisfaction; and yet I changed the subject to one in which I had little or no interest; for thus do we often seek to conceal what is nearest and dearest to our hearts—feeling that what we prize is too sacred to be lightly touched on by those whose natures are not in harmony with ours.

I believe in love at first sight. Not that I mean to say that all persons who fall in love, do so at first sight, but only that some do. I am one of the latter class. I could no more fail in love after the first hour, than I can tell why I ever did in the first minute. I only know that such is the fact. I may learn to respect, esteem, and even feel a warm affection for a person through the discovery of certain high and noble qualities; but that love which is beyond all else in sacrifice and power—which knows no self and is above life and death—is not with me a passion of growth, but immediate and involuntary.

I had met Cora Brandon on several occasions; but from the first moment my eyes rested on her, I felt a strange sensation—something different from anything I had before experienced. I fell drawn to her in a manner I could not account for; it seemed as if she in some way belonged to me—that our destinies were connected by an unknown power. And yet with this attraction there was a strange embarrassment and confusion. I could not act as I would; I could not even speak in a natural manner. I, who had been much in society, and had always been at my ease in the presence of the most beautiful of her sex, was now constrained, bashful and awkward. I bowed like a country clown; the hot blood rushed to my temples; I knew I was blushing scarlet; I lost command of language—hesitated, stammered, and ended at length with the conviction that I was acting like a fool and she knew it. As for Cora herself, whether my manner affected her, or whether she was influenced by feelings similar to mine, I could not say; but she too seemed confused and embarrassed to such a degree, that had we then been left alone together, I incline to believe we might have separated without exchanging a dozen words. We had met subsequently on several occasions; but up to the time when the conversation occurred between the Yankee and myself, as above recorded, we had said little to each other beyond the ordinary greetings and common places of the day. I would have given anything to have been able to talk to her with the same ease and freedom that I did to her sister Alice; but, for the life of me, I could not. I had flattered myself, however, that my secret was safe—that my embarrassment, if noticed by others, had been attributed to indifference, dislike, or anything except the real cause; but the remarks of Stebbins had now undeceived me in this respect, and I wondered if it was owing to his shrewdness, or to the fact of its being patent to all observers. It was a great deal, though, to be assured, even from his lips, that she was not indifferent to me; and in my heart of hearts I treasured and prized his words far more than such a nature as his could have possibly conceived.

With this idea, to give me hope, I shall not be contented till I know more." I said to myself. And what was this fair being that had awakened in my breast such strange emotions? In personal appearance Cora Brandon did not resemble her sister Alice in the least. In fact they were as unlike as any two sisters I ever saw. Alice was a queen like brunette, and Cora a pretty, lovely blonde, with a fair skin, soft blue eyes, sunny curly hair, and one of the sweetest, rosiest little mouths that ever tempted an anchorette. She was naturally lively, loving and confiding—sufficiently intelligent to be companionable—with a heart full of gentleness and kindness. In look and manner she somewhat reminded me of my friend, Ernest; and I fancied, in his case, I could never weary of gazing upon her bright, sunny face, with its radiant smile and dimpled cheeks. Her form was slight, symmetrical and full of grace. With all except myself, she seemed gay, happy and at ease—modest, without being bashful—but with me alone, even from the first, there appeared to be a painful constraint. Was I to feel compelled or otherwise by this? The shrewd Yankee seemed to think the former, and I only hoped he might be right.

It may be proper to remark here, that no further attempt had been made to punish the gang of villains that had carried off Miss Brandon. It was thought by many that too much time had elapsed to render the pursuit effectual, and that after all no great harm had been done; by which was meant, that the crime committed had not been sufficiently aggravated in its consequences to keep alive that vindictive feeling which could only be appeased by blood. The lady had not been badly treated, and was now safe at home; and this had gone far to calm down the fierce storm of rage which her seizure had raised. One thing struck me as little curious, which was, that Captain Sebastian, who had been so eager to take my life at first, should subsequently have been one of the foremost in sending delay in the pursuit of the ruffians; and that, as much by his advice as any other, the villains, having escaped in the first instance, would either be on the watch and foil any attempt to capture them, or else, by having already scattered, or gone to some other locality, would render such an attempt useless. There was plausibility in this reasoning—the only wonder was that it should have been deliberately put forth by so fiery and hot tempered a man.

But there were more curious and wonderful things to be developed, and I was destined to be a witness of some strange and fearful events.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EDITORIAL PUFFING.—The system of puffing has grown to such an extent that it has become offensive to all sensible people. When the people find the editorial columns of a newspaper full of puffs they may safely calculate that the paper is weak in circulation and in pocket. If business men desire to make known to the public that they have goods for sale let them advertise them in a proper way. But this editorial puffing is an imposition upon the public—*Boston Herald*.

An author compares a man to a silk umbrella, in these quaint terms: A good man is like a strong silk umbrella—trustworthy and a shelter when the storms of life pour down upon us—a mere walking stick when the sun shines—a friend in misfortune.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 26, 1867.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER; A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We commenced this new story by Mr. Bennett in THE POST of January 5th—the first number of the year.

To those who have read "The Phantom of the Forest" and "The White Slave, a Tale of Mexico," we need scarcely say that a story full of interest and adventure may be expected.

Those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, had better send in their subscriptions at as early a date as possible. The early numbers of the stories published this year were exhausted before the demand was satisfied, although we printed an extra edition. And we have been unable for the last month to furnish a regular series of back numbers of THE POST—owing to the entire edition of certain weeks being exhausted.

RIVALLING THE SUNLIGHT.

In mentioning the points of striking interest presented by the past year we were far from exhausting the subject. We propose now to devote one for our emulsions by more fully describing an instrument of prominent scientific importance, given to the world in the early part of the year 1866. We refer to the "Magneto-Electric Machine" invented by a Mr. Wilde, of Manchester, England, which is said to display illuminating powers greatly surpassing anything before attained, rivaling the brilliancy of the Solar light.

To make such a description in any respect clear it will be necessary to explain the principles involved as fully as can be done in a brief statement. When the ends, or poles, of two wires connected with a Galvano battery are joined so that the Galvano current may circulate through them, and then slightly separated, the Electricity will leap across the intervening space, through the air, manifesting Light and Heat in its progress. Every Electric current of sufficient strength can be made to display this effect. But there are other modes of producing such a current besides the action of the battery. Thus if the armature, or cross-piece uniting the poles of a magnet, be made to revolve, an electric current appears in it. This current, though constantly changing its direction, is by a simple arrangement caused to move continuously in one direction along a wire connecting the two ends of the armature. Such is the principle employed in the ordinary Magneto-Electric Machine.

The other principle involved in this case lies in the character of the magnet itself. In the magnetic oxide of Iron, or Loadstone, and in magnetized steel bars, we have what is known as the permanent magnet. But by passing an electric current around a bar of soft iron much stronger Magnetic power may be developed, which, however, only continues during the continuance of the current. This current is transmitted through a coil of wire wound spirally around the bar, and may be obtained from the Magneto-Electric machine above described.—Through revolving the armature of a permanent magnet, and passing the developed current through such a coil of wire, an Electro-Magnet may be formed, which is peculiar in displaying magnetic powers many times greater than that of the original magnet.

So far Science had gone when Mr. Wilde took hold of the subject. He conceived the idea that there is no limit to the extension of this principle, by revolving the armature of this second magnet and sending the much more intense current thus produced through a second coil, a third magnet might be formed of yet much greater force, and thus a succession of magnets constantly increasing in power be produced, until the force of the current became too great for the resisting powers of the materials, perhaps dissipating the whole apparatus into vapor.

He did this, and succeeded in producing a third magnet of excessive power, and by revolving the armature of this third magnet obtained an electric current of unexampled intensity. It must not be imagined, however, that this force, so greatly surpassing that of the original magnet, was created by the machine. Force in some form must be consumed before force in any other form can appear. Here an exterior force is employed in producing the revolutions of the armature, the machine converting the expansive force of steam into magnetism. To give to the third armature the necessary speed, (1,500 revolutions per minute) required the full force of the original magnet.

By employing this last current to produce the electric effects astonishing results appeared, far surpassing anything before known. Iron wire, fifteen inches in length and a quarter of an inch thick, was readily melted, while the illuminating power displayed was splendid beyond precedent. At the distance of a quarter mile the rays of the Electric lamp had the brilliancy of sunlight, casting the shadow of the flame of the street lamp on the neighboring walls. Even without a reflector the light was estimated to be as intense as that given by 4,000 wax candles. Photographic paper at two feet distance was darkened in twenty seconds as much as similar paper by one minute's action of the noonday sun. The Electric light at this distance seeming by its effect to have between three and four times the power of the sunlight. The intense magnetism developed in this instrument is of especial interest to scientific men in the great use it will lend to the experiments of Professor Faraday and others in their efforts to prove the magnetic condition of all matter. It is calculated that if this principle could be extended, without dissipation of the apparatus by the excessive heat developed, till a 100 ton magnet was obtained, with its armature driven by a 1,000 horse power engine, its illuminating power would make London considerably brighter by night than is London by day.

THE FARM AND THE FIRESIDE.—We have received the first number of a new agricultural journal with the above title. It is a good-looking sheet, and contains much interesting and instructive matter of an agricultural character. Published and edited by S. S. Foss, 402 Prune street, Philadelphia. Price \$4 a year.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The "Boating Song" is respectfully declined.

A contemporary says:—

"A meeting of factory operatives was held in Lowell, Mass., on Friday evening, the Mayor of the city presiding, and resolutions were adopted in furtherance of the ten-hour labor system."

The ten-hour system has been established in New York, Pennsylvania, and others of the middle states for many years—and yet in New England, whose "reformers" talk so much about the "rights of labor," the old twelve hours' system has been persistently adhered to.

This is a very practical obstacle in the way of our manufacturers when competing with the New England ones. For in every week the latter, gaining two hours' more labor every day, gain a whole day's work—which of itself is a large profit—out of their hands, as compared with a New York or Pennsylvania manufacturer.

Of course we do not mean to take ground against the twelve-hour system, though we confess we think ten hours is sufficient, as a general thing, for a day's work, but only to point out the inconsistency of those who have such very keen eyes for the selfishness of others, and such remarkably dull eyes for their own.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE. With Letters and Speeches, Before, During, and Since the War. By HENRY CLARK LAND. Illustrated with four engravings. Published by the National Publishing Company, Philadelphia. This volume has had the advantage of being submitted to Mr. Stephens previous to publication, and its statements therefore may be considered strictly correct. Among the noticeable contents of the volume is a private letter from Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Stephens, now first made public, dated Dec. 22, 1860, in which Mr. Lincoln says:—"Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican administration would, directly or indirectly, interfere with their slaves, or with them, about their slaves? If they do, I wish to assure you, as once a friend, and still I hope not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears. The South would be in no more danger in this respect, than it was in the days of Washington. I suppose, however, this does not meet the case—You think Slavery is right, and ought to be extended; while we think it is wrong, and ought to be restricted. That I suppose is the rub. It

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY OSMOSINGULAR PHENOMENA—ATMOSPHERIC EFFECTS—
RIFLE PRACTICE—COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE—
A STRANGE ENCOUNTER—OLD FRIENDS—NEW
RECRUITS.

There were peculiar atmospheric phenomena that we had experienced and often commented upon in the upper regions of Chile and Bolivia, and found developed in some instances to intensity at Sorato, some of which, as I have never heard them discussed by others or seen mentioned by any writer, may perhaps be new and interesting to the reader.

The increased pulsation, prickly sensations of the fingers and toes, reddening of the skin, ringing in the ears and expansion of the eye-balls, frequently to a painful degree, together with rapid respiration, and often the issue of blood from the nose, mouth and ears, are all incidents of an abrupt up-hill journey after having attained an altitude of eight or nine thousand feet, with which perhaps many are familiar—some by actual experience, but more from reading. All these, however, gradually subside as one goes higher up, and at an altitude of from fifteen to seventeen thousand feet generally disappear, all except the quickened circulation and consequent more rapid beating of the heart, which is in no wise painful or oppressive, but on the contrary a decidedly pleasant sensation. Kate declared one day, high up the steep side of the Heart of the Andes, panting the while like a startled lizard and her heart beating tattoo:

"Delightful! Isn't it, now? Upon my word, I've never had my heart in such a heavenly flutter since the morning Barney went on his knees and said to me—"

"Ah—whilst, now, my darling, and don't be making a fool of me here in company, because I happened to make an ass of myself once."

"Well, I won't, Barney dear." And so, whatever Capt. O'Hara had said to Kate upon the occasion of his going on his knees, remained a secret between them.

But the one phenomenon that always remained in the upper regions—that which cannot be out-climbed—is the singular influence of the rarified atmosphere upon the voices of both animals and humanity, as well as upon all sounds, no matter by what agency affected, and also upon firearms. We had repeatedly remarked before that in the more elevated regions our rifles and revolvers always carried wild, but we had never given the phenomenon much consideration until one morning, very high up on the eastern side of Sorato, having a bit of rifle practice on a pretty plateau of half a mile or so in extent, we found, very greatly to our astonishment, that no one of us, experts with the rifle as we all were, could touch a target fifteen inches in diameter, placed at the distance of a hundred yards, twice out of twenty shots. Our revolvers served us no better. Cator said if any one of us were to shoot at a man in a forty acre field he'd be in danger. Edith argued that as we could hit nothing else, there might be great danger of shooting ourselves; whereupon we discontinued practice and went into committee of the whole upon the state of the atmosphere.

Our rifles being of the heavy, old Lansburg pattern, long barreled and bored for fifty-six to the pound, always had a considerable "fetch," or recoil, when fired in the low countries with an ordinary charge; while at an altitude of three miles or so the recoil disappeared, the report was very greatly lessened, and the pieces invariably shot out of line. That day the reports of both rifles and revolvers were laughably ludicrous. That of a rifle was a low, liquid chuck, in sound most like that of sending a small pebble with great force perpendicularly down into a pool of water; while the revolver report was a *sput*, sounding like sending a pellet of dough against a solid surface.

So, consulting together and taking testimony, we discovered that the greatly rarified atmosphere, offering so little resistance, the velocity of the ball was so many times increased by an ordinary charge of powder, that it was driven at random out of line; while, for the same reason, there was no recoil to the piece, and so little air having been displaced, the sharp, loud claps usually made by the coming together again of the divided atmosphere was diminished to sounds such as I have endeavored to represent in letters.

By diminishing the charge of powder to considerably less than half a standard charge, the report subsided to a little *whip*, as if we were shooting air guns, while the bullets sent at low velocity went straight to the "bull's eye" again without any wandering.But the most laughable feature of the phenomenon was its singular effect upon voices. Edith Bond, who had a remarkably clear, round, silvery voice, was disgusted to find her best efforts very like the tiny *click clack* of a half-grown pullet. Cator, who could have hailed a main-royal yard in a gale of wind off the Horn without a trumpet, couldn't have called a cricket at three yards. Minnie's musical voice was reduced to a thin, flat stream of *hiss*, broken by stops between the words. Signora Florietta, our Italian prima donna, whose notes in *allegretto* were as round and ringing as the tones of a silver bell, essayed *Annibale Sull' Alpi*, and found her bravest *bravura* reduced to the level of a penny whistle quartette. Not one of the whole party was exempt from the queer vocal visitation. Even the dogs had taken the epidemic, their best bark coming out in little foolish *paws-paws-obas*—at which they grew ashamed and shut up in total silence until we got down into the lower world, where they could again bark like dogs.Dr. Bond remarked, in a voice that sounded most like grunting corn, cobs and all, that he had a wife too handy with her tongue, he would settle on top of Sorato; and furthermore, he thought that all nations going to war with firearms would find it economical to fight their battles on top of mountains five miles high, saving sixty per cent of saltpetre. We all burst into a hearty *ha ha* at the doctor's odd suggestions, and our laughing chorus was very much more respectable than our *ha ha* concert.

At the Christmas dinner at the Five Points Home of Industry, four gentlemen and four ladies were present, who were picked up as vagrant children in the street and educated at the institution. One is a lawyer, another a bank clerk, and a third is a prominent importing merchant. Two of the ladies are married wealthy, and all respectably. A leading soprano in one of the fashionable churches was left at the House when a child by a drunken woman, and never knew any other home.

Mr. Punch's advice to an Oldish Bachelor—Repent at leisure, and then marry in haste.

that by the zig-zag winding one we were obliged to follow. Cator, Dr. Bond, and Cosmo were pioneers, half a mile in advance of the party, traversing a shelf of bare rock, with a yawning chasm on one hand and the rocks rising in a sheer perpendicular wall five hundred feet above us on the other. We were chatting and shuffling carelessly along, when we were suddenly brought to a dead halt, and were very nearly as much astonished as we could have been if Sorato had all at once toppled over and went down, carrying us with her.

Thirty yards, perhaps, in advance of us, a man stepped out into view from behind an angle of the rock wall, and without discovering us, levelled a long telescope in the direction of Cusco. We stopped stock still, and while thus standing there, is an opportunity for a brief description of the stranger's appearance. Tall, and muscularly made, erect as a Blackfoot warrior, and clad in a heavy, full Spanish cloak of blue cloth, hanging negligently on the left shoulder—a close-fitting frock in bright green material, bound all round with narrow silver lace, and the breast ornamented with very neat, pretty devices in gold embroidery. Then there were wide-legged trowsers of the dressed skin of the white vicuna, finished with the fur-like hair on and that outward—boots, shapely and well made, and a headgear of oiled silk and fur of the red vampire bat, the fabric being a hat, cap, helmet, night-cap or "soul-warmer," at will, and just then was a somewhat fanciful turban.

The stranger's face was an extraordinarily handsome one, though he was upwards of fifty, and much of it was hidden by a profuse growth of beard, whiskers and mustache, all grizzled and frosted by time. Still there was the high, broad forehead, dark and finely-arched brows, dark genial hazel eyes, and classically-developed nose, to show that the man, notwithstanding his age, was still unusually handsome.

We guessed—a hidalgos from somewhere, perhaps from the clouds. So we went towards him, and within three yards I saluted him with: "Buenos dias Señor Caballero—Como está?"

"Good-morning, gentlemen; and how are you?" came the ready response in an clear, correct, round English as ever was spoken. We halted more suddenly than before, and actually fell back a step or two in utter amazement. The stranger laughed and came forward, holding out his hand towards the doctor, and thunder struck us again with:

"Doctor Bond, my dear old chum, God bless you! How are you?"

The doctor stared and stammered, and looked bewildered, till the stranger uttered a single word—"Palisades" and laughed; and then Dr. Bond rushed upon him and got all he could of him, his arms, and hugged with all his might, shouting the while in sort of spasms:

"God's glory—yes, sure enough, Frank Essing, my dear Bond!" and by the time he had got so far we were very well acquainted with the stranger. The doctor had told us so often about his early best friend, classmate and chum at college. Frank Essing, who had once saved his life, when a small boat they were in was run down off the Palisades, on the Hudson; and how, later, Frank had been heartlessly jilted by a prond, fickle fool and village belle, and had disappeared, no one knew whither; so many times we had heard it all, that we knew the missing Frank Essing almost as well as we did the doctor himself.

But of course Mr. Essing knew nothing of Cator and Cosmo, until the doctor introduced us, and by the time we had fairly shaken hands our party came up, and after an individual introduction all round, our new acquaintance said:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have close at hand here two young friends, whom I am anxious to present to you."

Just a few yards around the angle there was a comfortable niche in the wall, within which was blazing a cheerful little fire made of the dry *lichen* that might be gathered in armfuls anywhere on the rocks, and burned with a clear, steady, hot flame.The side of the fire stood a fine, handsome young fellow, darker in complexion than Frank Essing, but strongly resembling him in features, and clad precisely the same. Kneeling by the fire, and busy with bubbling coffee and broiling steaks of mutton *charque*, was a dark Hebe, a feminine copy of the handsome young man, but younger by three years, and in features more exquisitely lovely than any human being we had ever seen. Mr. Essing called: "Arthur, my son, Arline, darling," and in an instant they were at his side. Having introduced his children to us, Mr. Essing said:

"Come, gather around our fire. The morning air is a trifle keen. And then you will break fast with us; no excuses; see, there is enough. We knew you were coming, and had not breakfasted. Come, drop down, Arline, my dear—"

Edith, Kate and Minnie were all wide awake and busy as bees assisting Arline, and in five minutes we were engaged at a most sumptuous breakfast, all things being considered. While discussing our morning meal, Mr. Essing informed us that he had gone to Rome and studied as a painter, married a beautiful Neapolitan girl, went to Brazil, and made a fortune rapidly by his profession. Four years previously his wife had died, and, wishing his children, who were both fine artists, to study from nature, they had become wandering Bohemians like ourselves, and had been sketching from the summit of Sorato several days before our arrival. They had discovered us the first day, and the elder Essing had recognized Dr. Bond; but there were several views yet to be taken, and Essing knew he should intercept us as we came down, and so they had kept themselves concealed.

When our lovely little Queen of Naples learned that Arthur and Arline were also half Neapolitan, and spoke her soft liquid Italian fluently, she was in ecstasies; and when Mr. Essing declared their intention of joining our party if we would permit it, and accompanying us to the end of our tramp, no matter where or when it might terminate, we went into a unanimous *Viva*, that was a much more respectable affair than our *ha ha* concert.

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Mr. Punch's advice to an Oldish Bachelor—Repent at leisure, and then marry in haste.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* writes as follows:

The state census returns, now in course of publication, show that the population of the Empire City is on the wane. Thus: population in 1855, 629,810; do. in 1860, 814,254; do. in 1866, 726,386. Decline in six years, eighty-eight thousand, eight hundred and sixty-eight. These figures are highly suggestive, especially if viewed in connection with the fact that nearly all the surrounding cities and villages exhibit an increase. The inference is, that high rents, dirty streets and bad government are driving everybody out of the city that has the means to live at a convenient distance out of it. The decrease will go on unless something is done to make New York, not as it is now, the dearest city to live in the whole world. But of that change for the better, unfortunately, there is no present prospect. No new houses are building, and rents this spring, the real estate agents say, will be higher than ever.

As to a reform in the city government, you may judge what chance there is of that by the disgraceful scene which occurred in the Board of Councilmen, this afternoon (the 10th). As soon as the President had taken his seat, a member, Stacox by name, rose and denounced him in a loud voice as a perjurer, and protested against his being permitted to retain his place. This was followed by a motion to adjourn, in the midst of which cries of "perjurer," "thief," "scoundrel," etc., were repeated, and these accompanied by the flying of an inkstand at the President's head. The latter fortunately dodged the missile, and beat a retreat from the Chamber into the Mayor's office.

Here he was taken into custody on charge of drawing a revolver upon the indignant Councilmen, but the Mayor subsequently let him depart on his own recognition.

The meaning of this shameful episode, in a few words, is just this:—Stacox was the candidate of the "Ring" for President of the Board, but owing to Brinkman's management, he was thrown overboard, and Brinkman himself chosen in his place. Both are Democrats, but the Republicans figured quite as conspicuously in the disorder as their political opponents. All of them, without distinction of a party, may be set down as bad lot.

The autograph trade in Paris has its regular price-current. The following are some of the latest quotations: George Sand, 6 francs; Seward, 10 francs; Jefferson Davis, 15 francs; Michelet, 1 franc; McClellan, 20 francs; Verdi, 2 francs, 50 cent; Ravan, 10 francs; Louis XVI, 2 francs, 50 cent.

The following model of testamentary conciseness is the will of the late Mr. Sergeant Storck, of London: "I leave to my son, Robert Reeve Storck, all my personal property absolutely, which is not specifically bequeathed. To Kearns, £50 a year. Sir Henry and Mary are provided for, Tom I omit, as he possesses a fortune. Dated October 12, 1859." This brief document dispenses of £60,000—say \$15,000 per word.

The winds blow so strong on the prairies of the West that they have to build a brick wall on each side of a fence to keep it from blowing down.

A thoughtless young mother of fifteen years, residing in Los Angeles, Cal., placed her infant child, six months old, on the back of a colt, without bridle or halter, and tied the legs of the infant under the belly of the colt *a la Mazzepa*, so that it could not fall off; and letting go the colt, it took fright and ran off into the underbrush with the infant, tearing its flesh and breaking its bones, until life was extinct, and nothing remained of the poor child but a shapeless mass of flesh.

A New Bedford lady who recently wrote to a Boston publisher for a copy of "Gillard; or, Trust in God," received the sad reply: "There is no 'Trust in God' to be found in Boston."

Spiritual Progress.—The convention of Massachusetts Spiritualists, held in Boston last week, adopted an astounding declaration of principles:

First, the spiritual unity of nature. Second, the correlation, equality and universality of law. Third, the spirituality of soul. Fourth, the moral equality of the sexes and the moral integrity of sexism. Fifth, the harmony of progress. Sixth, the eventual fraternization of nations.

Ice, four inches thick, has just been gathered in Georgia. The "oldest inhabitant" hardly remembered anything like it.

On Tuesday of last week, there were 65 cars now bound near Pittsfield, Mass., having on board 700 cattle, which had not been supplied with food or water for twenty-four hours.

There are three hundred and seventy churches in Moscow, and all the bells rang at one time on the occasion of the royal marriage. The clanging was fearful!

The railroads in this country employ 200,000 men, and at least 100,000 of men, women and children depend for their support upon the railroad interest.

A woman of Utica, just deceased, was married three times, and each time her husband's name was Tompkins.

The County Court at Alexandria, Va., has decided that a note given to compromise an old debt is not reached by the stay law, being a new debt.

The crucial point in the prophetic interpretation of the Scriptures, is the year 1867 as the time of consummation, the supreme ascendancy of Louis Napoleon, and the return of the Jews to Palestine under his auspices. For centuries the year 1866 had been assigned by the interpreters of prophecy as the period of the world's crisis; but as that year was rolling by without a general cataclysm of nations, an element of calculation was discovered which admitted of the intercalation of a year, and the test term is thus extended to 1867.

Cholera—Its Cause.—The deaths from cholera at Chester, England, are accounted for by the bad water supplied. It is described as being taken from the Dee, at a place where a stone causeway has been erected across the river to hold up the water for the mills. Into the basin thus formed the entire drainage of the town is carried by four several sewers at different points, and in it lies the accumulated filth of many generations. Four other towns drain into the river above the city, and yet people are found to wonder that epidemics break out in a sound rule, are fettered by misapplying it, or by straining it too far; being incapable of perceiving where it ought to yield to one of higher order.—*Wordsworth*.Pennsylvania Colony in Tennessee.—The McMinnville (Tenn.) *Era* says: "Cuffee county is fast becoming a Pennsylvania colony. Some fifteen families from that State have purchased lands around Concord and Oak Hill, and are settling. They have already laid out \$5,000 for lands, and 'the cry is still they come.' They are excellent farmers and good citizens, and we have ample room for all such. One of them has purchased the extensive Catron property in Tennessee."

In Cilia county, Texas, pork sells for 8 cents a pound, butter at 12½ cents, eggs 10 cents a dozen, and flour 4½ a hundred weight. These rates are for specie, however. Texas abounds in hog and hominy.

New York City.

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Water That Will Not Drown.

All travellers, writes a correspondent, have mentioned with astonishment the peculiar buoyancy of the water of Great Salt Lake, and it is truly surprising. No danger of shipwreck need ever cross the mind of those who navigate the lake, for it would be simply impossible for them to sink if thrown overboard. With my hands clasped together under my head, and my feet crossed, I floated on the very surface of the lake with at least one-third of my body above the water.

Upon a warm summer's day there would not be the slightest difficulty in going to sleep upon the lake, and allowing yourself to be blown about as the wind permitted; only one would need an umbrella to keep off the rays of the sun.

It has been stated that three buckets of this water will yield one bucket of solid salt; but, inasmuch as water will not hold above twenty-five per cent of saline matter in solution, and if more he added it is instantly deposited upon the bottom, this estimate is, of course, too large. On inquiring of the Mormons engaged in producing salt, they unanimously stated that for every five buckets of water they obtain one bucket of salt, which gives the proportion as less than twenty per cent.

No visitor to the lake should omit the bath; the sensation in the water is most luxurious, and leads one to think himself in floating air. On the way back to the city it will be as well for the bather to stop at the superb sulphur baths just outside the town, and remove the saline incrustations which have been formed upon him, by a plunge into the fine swimming bath, whose only objection is its peculiar odor and its great heat, which requires a large admixture of cold water.

The Five Points.

There is "money" in the old shells and tenement houses at the Five Points, and similar localities in New York, but it is not the kind of property every body would like to own, if it does not pay well. "Burleigh" writes as follows to the *Journal*:

There is no property, not even in Fifth Avenue or Wall Street, that pays as well. The building known as Sexton and Phillips' model tenement house is crowded in every part, over five hundred occupants residing in the building. These all pay weekly in advance, and the income per annum is not less than \$50,000. A small building in Cherry Street, rented in the same style, brings in the annual rent of \$12,000 a year. One in Elizabeth Street brings in \$14,000 a year. In the vilest rookeries persons lodge by fifties on the floor so thick that one cannot walk without treading on them. Cellars reeking with slime and mud, dark passages under the stairs, dark closets, in short every place where a human can lie, are rented at from sixteen pence a night upward, all paid for in advance, making an aggregate that is surprising. Multitudes of children, newsboys and young girls, beg or steal enough money to get into the gallery of a Bowery theatre, beg or steal their bread or get it at a charitable institution, and then pay a few pence for the vile lodgings which the vilest portion of New York affords.

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everything, and to inform him of the time and place, I set off at once to look up the surgeon. His name was Hale, a thoroughly scientific man, devoted to his profession, and as little likely as anybody to have any sympathy with the romantic folly of the duel. I found him at home, in remarkably good spirits, as doctors generally are, and engaged upon a paper for the "Lancet" upon the subject of gunshot wounds.

"How are you, Hale?" said I.

"How do, Morley?" said he. "What's the matter? Anything wrong with you? You look rather out of sorts. Digestion wrong, or what is it?"

"O, there's nothing the matter with me," I said; "don't flatter yourself. I want your help, certainly, but not for myself. You'll be wanted about half-past five this afternoon at—"

"Eh?" said Hale. "You don't mean to say that Mrs. ——"

"No, no," said I, "nothing of the kind, quite the reverse, indeed. No, the state of the case is this: O'Dowd has taken umbrage at something O'Flaherty has said, and has insisted upon calling him out."

"Ah, that's it, is it?" said Hale, his eyes brightening; "and you'll want me upon the ground in case of accident. Certainly, with all my heart. Pistols, of course,—with a glance at his manuscript,—nothing like pistols. You may depend upon me, Morley. You may be quite certain that I shall be there."

"The villain was evidently in want of an illustration to prove some confounded theory of his own with regard to bullet-wounds. His glance at the manuscript betrayed him."

"No; but look here, Hale," I said, "the affair ought not to be allowed to go on."

"You think not," said he, as if entertaining the very gravest doubts as to the wisdom of my opinion.

"Certainly, I think not; and you'll think so, too, when you hear the case. Last night, O'Flaherty, when slightly screwed, charged O'Dowd with having tubercle of the lung."

"And a most insolent thing to say, too, though it's a positive fact all the same. *In vino veritas*, and no mistake. But still a man with any respect for himself can't allow his lungs to be thrown in his face in that way without taking notice of it. And so O'Dowd demands an apology or a meeting, eh?"

"Just so. He insists upon an apology, and—it's really too absurd—a declaration from O'Flaherty that the charge brought against his lungs was unfounded."

"Quite correct," said Hale, "and this declaration O'Flaherty is, of course, unable to make. His statement was a perfectly true one, and he can't unmake it without telling a falsehood. I put my word, if you can see any way but one out of the difficulty you are cleverer than I."

"I believe you are all gone mad," I said, vexed beyond bearing. "There's not a creature who will look at the thing in a calm and reasonable manner. Why, do you realize, sir, that just for a ridiculous word from a drunken man a valuable life may be lost?"

"Ah, very sad, very sad, indeed," replied the doctor, coolly; "but it can't be helped. The matter is gone too far now to be stopped. A meeting is absolutely necessary for the honor of the parties, and—laying his hand casually upon the MS., and speaking in a thoughtful manner,—and may be of infinite service to the cause of—"

"He broke off there, but he meant 'the cause of science,' I'm certain, confound him! He was devoted to his profession was Hale.

"Half past five, at Harrison's bungalow, if you please, Mr. Hale," said I, coldly, and walked out of the room, the man of science following me to the door, and assuring me, in the cheeriest and friendliest manner, that I might depend upon him absolutely; that he would sacrifice any number of patients sooner than not be present; and that he would be certain not to forget his instruments.

"I had done my best. I had called upon Common Sense to help me, but Common Sense was nowhere to be found. I had appealed to the Dread of Ridicule, but it slept, and could not be awakened. I had asked Science to lend me a hand, but Science wanted both of hers to seize her own opportunities. There was no resource now but to let the matter go on to its bitter end.

"In affairs of this kind, you know, it is not etiquette for the parties to go in company to the battle-ground, as pugilists do to a prize-fight. We must go separately to what 'Bell's Life' would call a likely spot, and meet there with distant politeness. As we had to drive a good way to the place pitched upon by Doolan and myself—an open space, well known to us all—a way into the jungle—it was agreed that O'Flaherty and his second should go, on an hour or two in advance, taking their rifles with them, in order to pass the time with any sport that might fall in their way, and that I, with my principal and the surgeon, should follow at the stated time. All of which happened as arranged.

The respondent and Doolan departed early in the afternoon, designating to lunch at the rendezvous; and shortly before six the appellant, Hale, and I followed, drove to the outskirts of the jungle, there left our carriage, and strolled through the trees to the place.

"Here we are," said Hale; "true to our time; but I don't see our friends." Euphemism for enemies.

"They've been here very lately," said O'Dowd, pointing to the relics of a luncheon scattered about on the grass; "and, faith, they've made mighty free with the eatables."

"The end of a feast, most decidedly," said Hale; "so we are quite ready for the beginning of a fray."

"They'll make their appearance in a minute or two, no doubt," I said. "They're having a shot at something in the jungle, perhaps."

"The crack of a rifle a short distance off seemed to confirm my words."

"They might have taken both rifles with them, then, I'm thinking," exclaimed O'Dowd, picking up O'Flaherty's, which lay on the grass.

"We were standing about, O'Dowd examining the rifle, which was loaded, and Hale the pale ale bottles, which were all discharged, when we were surprised by seeing Doolan running towards us with every appearance of extreme terror."

"What's the matter?" we all shouted.

"Here!" he cried. "Come here. Bring the rifle. O'Flaherty's been carried off by a tiger!"

"Now, Morley," said O'Dowd, "you've got your wish at last. Come along!"

"And we all set off running towards Doolan, who had stopped, and was loading his rifle."

"Did ye hit him, Phil? did ye hit him?" said O'Dowd, when we reached the Lieutenant.

"Hit him, is it?" said Doolan. "No, faith! I daredn't try. I fired, in hopes of frightening him. Come along! He jumped on us from

behind, as we were sitting on the bank there, caught poor Tim by the shoulder, and trundled off with him, never saying a word, as if six feet two were nothing to speak of at all. Come along!" We were hurrying after him all the while. "I jumped up, picked up the rifle: "Stop, ye thief!" I called out, "or I'll shoot you!" He gave a wag with his tail, the baste, as much as to say, "Shoot away; ye daren't hit me for fear of killing Tim; and, begorra, I'll make myself safe enough for the matter of that." And at the word the curar cracked poor Tim on his back, as a fox does with a goose, and away he went again—come along!—safer than ever, for I could see more of O'Flaherty now than I could of him, bad luck to him! and I wished I'd shot at first. I daredn't touch the trigger for the life of me, now, you understand; so I followed till he stopped, after a bit, and lay down with Tim before him, and then I shot not at him, for fear of killing Tim, but in the hope of frightening the brute. But, course a bit did it frighten him; it only made him gnash his teeth, and Tim was between 'em, ye'll recollect. So then I ran back for the other rifle, and met you, and—and have a care now, we can't be far of him, unless he's eloped with Tim again, which the saints forbid, for it's a mighty unpleasant way of travelling."

"He had not eloped with Tim. He was still lying, where Doolan had left him, with his mouth so close to poor O'Flaherty's ear, that he looked as if he were whispering into it. What was to be done? The very thought of firing into him across O'Flaherty made my hand shake. We all stood still for a moment or two, staring at the tiger and his victim.

"Now, then, who's going to shoot?" said Doolan. "Somebody must, or faith poor Tim will be minded real before he knows where he is. But I'll be hanged if it's me that's going to do it. You're the best shot, Dennis."

"Shoot, O'Dowd," said I. "I daren't, for the life of me."

"Faith, it's a risky shot for certain," said O'Dowd; "but if we stand here and do nothing, there'll be no chance for him at all. Now, hark ye, gentlemen," he said, throwing up his head and looking, tubercle or not, a thoroughly fine fellow, "you all know, I'm sure, that though I was anxious enough to shoot O'Flaherty standing opposite me at twelve paces, I'd be the last man in the world to take advantage of him now. All right—all right. There, that's enough! Upon me now, then, I never thought otherwise for a moment. Look here, now. Give Morley your rifle, Phil, and you and Hale stand a trifle back. Now, Morley, my boy, I'm going to creep in a thought nearer. Keep you just behind me. I'll blaze away at him first; and I shall hit him, don't be afraid for that. If he springs right at us, cover him well and let fly. If he only jumps up, hand me your rifle, and I'll bang at him again. Dye understand me?"

"Perfectly."

"Follow me, then."

"O'Dowd stepped gently towards the tiger, and I followed his steps closely. When we were within a dozen yards of the animal, the tiger dropped O'Flaherty's arm, which it had in its mouth, and lifted its head. O'Dowd sank on to his instant, looked along his barrel for one second, and fired. With the most awful yell I ever heard the tiger sprang up, gave one bound towards us, and then, before I'd time to mark him properly, rolled over on the long grass."

"Twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, I'll bet a hundred," said O'Dowd, quietly.

"I handed him the loaded rifle, and we all, except Doolan, who dashed recklessly over to O'Flaherty, waited cautiously towards the fallen tiger. The bullet had passed through his eye into his brain, and he was as dead as his greatest grandfather."

"Dead as a herring!" I cried.

"Begad, and so he is," said Doolan, who was bending over O'Flaherty; "and so he is. Come here, Hale, can't you. Bad luck to ye! you're a pretty doctor to stand staring at a tiger when there's a dead Christian in want of your assistance five yards off. Come here, can't you!"

"We all ran at once to O'Flaherty."

"O Tim, Tim," whined Doolan, "whatever injured you to go and die in a hurry like this?"

"Die!" said Hale, sharply; "what the dickens are you talking about dying for? The man's not dead. Not a bit of it. His left arm's broken, certainly, broken in two places; and he's nicely contused all over, I'll stake my reputation: pretty well frightened, no doubt; I confess I am, without so much cause; but, dead! Bless my soul, sir, will you have the goodness to allow him a breath of air?"

The breath of air was allowed him. In a very short time he recovered consciousness; requested to know in a strong Irish accent whereabouts he was; betrayed by a few words that he was under the impression that he had lost his way in returning from a heavy dinner, and had gone to sleep by the roadside; then recovered his senses completely; listened to the whole history, while Hale tied his arm up as well as it could be done; and finally, with much assistance, rose to his feet.

"Well, gentlemen," said I, cheerfully, "I suppose we may return at once, for the business which we came about will scarcely be proceeded with now, I apprehend."

"I decidedly forbid Mr. O'Flaherty's proceeding with that matter to-day," said Hale, suavily, laying strong emphasis upon the last word.

"They've been here very lately," said O'Dowd, pointing to the relics of a luncheon scattered about on the grass; "and, faith, they've made mighty free with the eatables."

"The end of a feast, most decidedly," said Hale; "so we are quite ready for the beginning of a fray."

"They'll make their appearance in a minute or two, no doubt," I said. "They're having a shot at something in the jungle, perhaps."

"The crack of a rifle a short distance off seemed to confirm my words."

"They might have taken both rifles with them, then, I'm thinking," exclaimed O'Dowd, picking up O'Flaherty's, which lay on the grass.

"We were standing about, O'Dowd examining the rifle, which was loaded, and Hale the pale ale bottles, which were all discharged, when we were surprised by seeing Doolan running towards us with every appearance of extreme terror."

"What's the matter?" we all shouted.

"Here!" he cried. "Come here. Bring the rifle. O'Flaherty's been carried off by a tiger!"

"Now, Morley," said O'Dowd, "you've got your wish at last. Come along!"

"And we all set off running towards Doolan, who had stopped, and was loading his rifle."

"Did ye hit him, Phil? did ye hit him?" said O'Dowd, when we reached the Lieutenant.

"Hit him, is it?" said Doolan. "No, faith! I daredn't try. I fired, in hopes of frightening him. Come along! He jumped on us from

MY NEED MY ONLY CLAIM.

A day of anguish, grief and fear—
My husband far away!
They ask, "What shall we telegraph?
Tell us what word to say."

"I need thee," whispered my pale lips;
"Say but these words alone;
On swiftest wings of loving haste
My need will bring him home.

A day of anguish, grief and fear—
My Saviour far away!
What prayer, what message for the throne?
The guardian angels say.

"Dare not to pray," the tempter cried,
"God knows the heart of sin,
And sees nor love, nor hope, nor faith,
Nor penitence within."

I cried—my heart with anguish rent—
My cold, hard heart of stone—
"I need Thee, Lord!" The angels bore
My message to the throne.

On swiftest wings of joyful haste
My God, my Saviour came,
Enfolding me with deathless love;
My need my only claim!

The Dwarf's Wedding.

It is well known that ice is capable of such great solidity as to retain in cold countries any desired shape for a long time; and houses have been constructed of it which have resisted the elements, not only through the winter, but far into the succeeding summer, and in some instances, even during several years. In illustration of this fact, the Courier des Etats Unis tells the following story:

Peter the Great of Russia had in his service a buffoon, named Nickoloff, a dwarf in size, and particularly ugly in appearance, but possessed of a mind full of intelligence and overflowing with wit and sarcasm, in the exercise of which even the sacred majesty of the Czar was not always respected. He one day approached his master and requested permission to marry.

"And who do you suppose would marry you?" demanded the Czar.

"Catharine Italivaski," replied the dwarf.

"Catharine Italivaski! that majestic, beautiful creature, attached as fille de chambre to one of the Empress' ladies in waiting! Impossible, my poor Nickoloff! She is young and beautiful, and you are old and ugly."

"She loves me!" said Nickoloff, swelling with offended pride. "Everybody does not look upon me with the unfavorable eyes of your majesty."

"You must be very rich, then, or she would not love you," said the Czar.

"Allowing that to be, I should not be the first one who has been loved for his wealth!" replied the buffoon, with a cynical smile. "I know of one far more rich and more powerful than I am, who has thought himself loved for himself alone, instead of for his piles of yellow gold, and was so plainly deceived that he alone was unscrupulous of the true object."

The Emperor turned pale with anger, and bit his lip until the blood flowed, for the buffoon alluded to a love adventure of the monarch well known at court, but of which none had dared to speak above a whisper.

"Very well," said he, controlling his rage by a violent effort, "since you desire to marry Catharine Italivaski, you shall do so. I charge myself with the whole expense of the nuptials, and you will receive from me the palace which you will occupy with your charming bride. Meantime you are forbidden to leave your chamber, under penalty of being made acquainted with the knot, in comparison with which the bows of my wife, which have often made your shoulders ache, are mere love caresses.

Fifteen days after, the day of January, 1720, the buffoon was awakened at daybreak by the sounds of music at the door of the chamber which served him as a prison. A number of the servants of the Czar entered, clothed him in a magnificent suit of garments, then placed him on a sledge, to which were attached four of the most beautiful horses in the imperial stables, and surrounded by a cortège composed of the greatest lords and ladies of the imperial court, conducted him to the cathedral Notre Dame de Kazin, where the nuptial ceremony was celebrated with a splendor and extravagance which not only reassured, but delighted the proud Nickoloff.

The nuptial benediction pronounced, the happy couple were placed upon the sledge, and conducted to an isolated place, a short distance from the city, on the banks of the Neva, where had been built a palace the like of which never existed, except in fairy tales. The palace, which seemed to be constructed of crystal, and which reflected in thousands of luminous rays the blazing torches of the cortège, was built of massive blocks of ice, cut out as if from stone, and fastened with water in place of cement. The dwarf and his wife were introduced into an immense hall, the furniture of which, tables, chairs, chandeliers, everything was made of ice, and were served, in the presence of the Emperor and his attendants, with a feast of regal sumptuousness. The choicest and most delicate wines were served in abundance, and the goblets of Nickoloff and Catharine—also carved from blocks of ice—were kept constantly filled, until, at a signal from Peter, the spouses, stupefied with wine, were carried to the nuptial chamber and placed upon a bed of solid ice, richly carved and gilded, and there left, without fire or other clothing, in the frigid temperature of a Russian winter. The doors of the chamber and palace were then sealed by pouring water over them, which immediately congealed, rendering them equally solid with the walls themselves. As the cortège withdrew, the cruel Czar remarked,—

"Behold! a nuptial night such as was never witnessed before."

Eight months after the fatal night, says the historian Leverque—that is, at the close of the month of August—this palace and tomb of ice still existed, and in an almost perfect state. Certain portions of the exterior had only yielded to the influence of the warm winds and sun, and, melting, had formed about it a species of opaque stalactites. The monument itself gradually lost its transparency, and became a dirty, tarnished mass, through which it was no longer possible, thanks to God, to distinguish the bodies of the frozen lovers, of which the very features had been so long visible. Another winter passed, consolidating the fearful tomb anew, so that, two years later, under the combination of frost, hail, snow, dust, sun and rain, this fairy palace

was completely transformed into a little hillock, black and hideous to behold.

When, at last, Peter the Great gave orders to demolish the frigid witness to his barbarity, the pickaxe and bar were found insufficient for the purpose, and recourse to blasting was necessary to relieve the shores of the beautiful Neva from the villainous object which recalled so disgraceful a history.

Random Rules for

saying that there has been that about Miss Perks's manner for the last few days, which, unwilling as I am to suspect anybody, least of all one who has been on friendly terms with me, I must consider very unsatisfactory."

"Miss Perks!" broke forth Mr. Hallisham, too much taken aback to hide his disappointment, "who the— who on earth is she?"

"The lady's maid," suggested Mr. Fayrit.

"Oh, ay, the lady's maid, I remember," consented Mr. Hallisham, recovering himself. "Well, what has she said or done?"

"Sir," replied the housekeeper solemnly, "she was in her conversation."

Not for worlds would good Mrs. Gaythorn have descended from that pedestal of dignity from which she was accustomed to awe and command the "inferior" domestics who owned her sway; and the careful choice of words and phrases was, she considered, one of the steps by which she mounted to that commanding position. A housemaid or a kitchenmaid might have said that Perks "told a story," a stable boy, or perhaps even a more polite footman, might have used a still stronger and coarser phraseology; but Mrs. Gaythorn's ladylike lips could not form themselves to a commoner accusation than "she varies in her conversation."

Mr. Hallisham did not call at the form of words; he was thinking how even the lady's maid's meekness might work round to that favorite hypothesis which he was bending all his energies to establish, not as he persuaded himself, for the attainment of any personal glorification, but solely from a high sense of magisterial responsibility, and a laudable desire to vindicate the activity and intelligence of the country, just then so shamefully impugned by a sour riles and ignorant press.

"Varies in her conversation, does she?" he repeated after Mrs. Gaythorn, "you've caught her tripping, hey?"

Mrs. Gaythorn could not possibly descend to slang, so she ignored the question.

"It was in my room, sir, a few nights ago, that I happened to say—Miss Perks and I being alone—that I hoped and prayed the murderer—whoever he might be—would be brought to justice. She turned first as red as—"

"Mrs. Gaythorn, looking round for a companion, saw nothing more opposite than the after-dinner reflection of the claret-cup in Mr. Hallisham's visage, and as it would not have been polite to mention it, she halted in some confusion"—"as red as—a rose, and then as white as marble, and something dropped from her that sounded like "God forbid!"—begging your pardon, sir, for repeating such a profane speech. And then, when I asked her what she said, she stammered, and dropped her eyes, all confused, and said that she hardly knew what it was right to wish, for that it was very shocking to think of a fellow creature being hung, even if he deserved it; and that, as long as no innocent person was accused in his place, she thought it was a mercy he should get away, and have time to repent of his sins. And I said to her that I considered there was a suspicion over the whole household until the guilty person was discovered. She looked wild and frightened, and said did I think so? and then she wished me good night, and went away quite sharply. And last night, after supper, the subject was discussed—as you know, sir, it would, naturally, often be, at my table—and Miss Perks began to talk very fast, and to say that she hoped, for the sake of the whole house, that the mystery would be cleared up, and that we should soon know who the guilty party is—exactly the opposite of all she had said before. And then, for another thing, Mr. Jervis, our butler, a most respectable man, has been paying his addresses to Miss Perks, but for the last fortnight or three weeks he had turned quite cold and distant; he has lost his appetite; he is not himself in any way, and last evening, when, as I was telling you, sir, she spoke in such a contrary way, I saw him lift his eyes and look hard at her, whilst he turned all manner of colors; and she, catching his look in the middle of her speech, stopped all confused, and never said another word. And, sir, I am persuaded there is a secret between those two." Mrs. Gaythorn suddenly concluded, fixing her eyes intently upon the magistrate's countenance.

That gentleman smiled grimly to himself as he turned over the pages of his note-book.

"Did it never occur to you, Mrs.—Mrs. Merry-thorn?"

"Gaythorn, sir"—in a very reserved tone.

"Mrs. Gaythorn, did it never occur to you that this secret might not be their own?"

"I don't comprehend you, sir," Mrs. Gaythorn replied, with a puzzled air.

"You see, ma'am," Digges proceeded, in his uncompromising way, "this interview has the character of an official investigation, and whatever passes here must, you understand, be held as strictly private. Any gossiping allusion to what has been dropped by me might entirely defeat the ends of justice, and leave the case in hopeless darkness."

"You may depend upon me, sir," Mrs. Gaythorn uttered quietly.

"Then, ma'am, I have, as I said to you before, other information which throws a new light upon this communication of yours, which you were quite right in making—quite right. The lady's maid and the butler may have quite as strong a regard for the honor of the family as you have, and there may be a secret between them, as you justly observe, which their concern for the family may cause them to endeavor to keep between themselves. Let me see," referring to his book, "this Perks was, I think, the first to give this alarm, and Jervis, and he, slept on the basement floor within half of the scene of the occurrence. Um—um" (reading)—"says he heard nothing, slept all night, was not disturbed by any noise. Very extraordinary, considering his proximity to the young lady's apartment—thought so at the time. Well, now, ma'am, does it not strike you that these two are in conjunction to screen a third person, one more closely connected with the family than themselves?"

"Sir, sir," stammered Mrs. Gaythorn, trembling until the folds of her satin gown rustled as she sat, "who—can you mean?"

"That," replied the magistrate, "must be left to your own discernment, Mrs. Gaythorn. You seem to be a conscientious person, and to have a right and proper sense of your obligations as regards the course of public justice; you have opportunities of observation which may be very valuable, and, following out the hint I have given you—which, as I told you, is a strictly private communication—you may soon be able to bring us important information—information, indeed, which it may imperil yourself to withhold."

But the housekeeper was too much agitated to notice the concluding threat; she still trembled

so much that she was glad of the support of Mr. Fayrit's arm to the door of the hired fly which had brought her to Abbeyford. A significance in Mr. Hallisham's manner had sent her back by some mysterious link to that startled expression of Olive's.

Mrs. Gaythorn did not see the connection; she was afraid to look for it lest she might see it, and she drove away in a terrified bewilderment from which she was afraid to escape lest it might be into a more frightful certainty.

Next morning Mr. Hallisham ordered his horse directly after breakfast, and rode over to Hazelrigge. He found Lady Arthur with bright, resolute eyes and thin, worn cheeks painted over with the hectic whose fatal beauty adds another sigh to the pitifulness of decay. Another man than Digges Hallisham would have been tender of her evident frankness—would, at least, have broken to her gently the startling errand on which he had come to her, but there was no such mercy in his nature, and he had to reap the reward of his own inconsiderateness. Lady Arthur's incipient dislike of Olive sprang forth to meet the accusation, terrible as it was, and there straightway ensued a rampant fever of excitement which defied all the caution Mr. Hallisham strove to ajoin, and rendered the lady so generally impracticable that the bachelorette, helpless in his utter ignorance of soothing or softening measures, was driven quite to the end of his patience and to nearly that of his wits. It must be confessed that his official experience of the sex had not been particularly felicitous.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, rubbing his hair the wrong way in his despair at her ladyship's loud ravings, "what impossible cattle these women are! How on earth is a man to carry any business through with such creatures? First there was that obstinate cooed idiot of a girl, then the longwinded formal humbug of a housekeeper, and now this mad woman is going to ruin all my labor over this case, just as I have brought it to the most promising point. Madam—Lady Arthur," he remonstrated.

But the torrent of my lady's speech was not to be stemmed by any such feeble interruption. "A little wild Eastern creature!" she denounced, "there was always a tiger ready to spring out in those great dark eyes of hers. I hate black eyes" (Lady Arthur's were of a cornish blue.) "there is always a temper in them. And I have watched her, the demure, quiet hypocrite! She cared too much for Gerald to leave Charlie—poor beautiful Charlie—she was jealous."

"Olive!" noted Mr. Hallisham, triumphantly; "that is exactly what I wanted." Link by link the chain of evidence was forming itself—in Mr. Hallisham's pocket book.

"At one time," Lady Arthur stormed on, "I was half afraid her ladyship was entangling my son, but Charlie came, and her beauty turned the scale. Miss Olive failed and pined all the summer, and then came this affair of the colonel, and I was in hopes it would all have been settled before Gerald came back. But she was waiting her opportunity. I see it all now, the wicked, abominable creature!" and so on, sometimes in language too exaggerated for repetition, in the midst of which Mr. Hallisham took his leave, after impressing upon Lady Arthur's mind—as well as it was capable of any impression—that the greatest caution and circumspection were absolutely essential to the development of this most "promising case."

And so Lady Arthur spent the rest of her whirlwind of passion upon poor Hilda's devoted head. That young lady received her aunt's violent denunciations and confident assertions with contemptuous incredulity, tore Mr. Hallisham's proofs and surmises into rags and tatters, scattered them to the winds, and laughed the whole thing to scorn. All this when her ladyship, utterly exhausted by her own excitement, lay panting and *hors de combat*, on her sofa.

"That old quixote Hallisham!" Hilda cried. "Fancy his trying to make himself of consequence by getting up such an outrageous absurdity! Well, they say that everything in life, even the most solemn, the comic element must exist more or less, so I suppose we may consider Mr. Hallisham as supplying the necessary ingredient of ridicule without which this dreadful affair would not be complete. Let us be thankful that he did not choose either you or me to demonstrate his folly upon."

And summoning Lady Arthur's maid to the side of that prostrate antagonist, Hilda retired to her own apartment.

Once there, however, the triumph of victory faded from her face, and she looked grave and serious enough.

"It's of no use to say it is impossible," she said to herself, as she sat down before the open window; "the disappearance itself is impossible, improbable, and utterly inexplicable. And there is all that motive—horrible as it is to think of it. One hears of such things, there was that poor little child last year murdered by some one probably very near to it and in the same house, and there are these new theories of insanity which make one absolutely doubtful at times of one's self. And then there is the Eastern blood, which might have asserted itself suddenly, one can't tell." And Hilda leaned her head against the window frame, and, looking out, moaned painfully enough in spite of the light, scornful, confident way in which she had routed Mr. Hallisham's theories.

How the suspicion oozed out—certainly through Mr. Hallisham tried to cover his advance—nobody knew, but it was not long in being whispered about. Only whispered at first, and then so cautiously that it scarcely ruffled the even surface of everyday life into which the lately-convuled neighborhood was fast settling back again. The reward of £200 did, indeed, stimulate the police and others to periodical and spasmodic efforts which ended in nothing, and the great mystery which had roused the country was fast subsiding into the proverbial nine days' wonder, and sinking down into darkness among those other mysteries which may never be solved for many long years—perhaps not on this side of eternity.

At the Hall the servants kept together in spite of their disinclination to live in a house where a murder had been committed, because they judged rightly that to leave now would expose any one of them to suspicion, whilst Mr. Fayrit, who had taken up his quarters in Chudleigh, went and came among them in a stealthy, cat-like manner which hid his effect in adding the unwholesome prestige of the establishment.

The "county," as sympathetic at first, held aloof now that terrible whisper was circulating among them, and each member was waiting to wait and see what the other was going to do before committing himself or herself to demonstrations which might be so very inconvenient

hereafter. Poor Olive, pale and unversed by the trying scenes she had gone through, had at last yielded to the necessity of change of scene, and had gone back again to St. Andrew's Parsonage.

Miss Ursula, closely occupied in trying to ward off the nervous fever into which Olive seemed to be sinking, saw in the troubled face which Mr. Julius daily brought before her, nothing of the darker shadow which was looming around her. Sometimes, when he had resolved that it would be best to warn and prepare her for the new mine of trouble which might some day be sprung beneath her feet, she would meet him with such perfect unconsciousness; moreover, with such a sad, sweet effort at resignation under the trouble that was already almost too heavy, that he had not the courage to add to her burden, but would turn away, and content himself with fighting the deadly whisper wherever he met with it, so that those whom it most concerned remained still ignorant of it.

Miss Hetty would probably have, long ago, blundered it out—poor Miss Hetty, who could do nothing but blunder!—but she lay in her bed helpless from an access of rheumatic fever, caught of the evening damps among her flower-beds; patient enough in the crisis of her painful malady, very impatient when she thought of the trouble of her friends up at the Hall, and of that "poor maligned sweet girl," for whom she could do nothing but send her confidential maid, Dinah, with a bottle of most precious red lavender—made from a recipe handed down in the family from that Margaret Armitage who had married the first Harvey Bush— with an injunction "to take six drops on a lump of white sugar twice a day *at least*, and be sure to tell her," added the good soul, "that her anorectress and mine adds to the recipe (in her own handwriting) that it is 'an excellent cordial, and a sovereign remedy against low spirits.'

Perhaps it was because Olive's spirits had sunk to the lowest depth, which is beyond the skill of even red lavender, or that the skill of that excellent housewife, Margaret Armitage, had not descended with her recipe to good Miss Hetty; for on the evening of the fourth day after she had received it, Olive was lying on her couch as white and nervous as if she had not possessed that infallible restorative. The door opened, and Miss Ursula came in. She sat down by Olive's side, with her back to the light, lest she should show that in her face which she must by all means hide. Olive turned weary towards her.

"Is Lady Arthur so very ill?" she asked.

"She is worse than usual, but there are no alarming symptoms. Olive, I am thinking that, if you are able and willing, we will go away from here for a time to some quiet seaside place—wherever you like—where you can get well sooner. What do you say?"

"Oh, yes," she cried, rising suddenly and clasping her aunt in a convulsive embrace; "take me away, Aunt Ursula; I have so longed to get away, you cannot tell how I have longed! I have felt as if I must die if I stay. Let us go before—before—he comes."

"We will go to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, to-morrow. I will give the orders. She wrapped her shawl about her and moved to the door with feverish impatience—this plan had done more for her, already, than poor Miss Hetty's red lavender!

Miss Ursula sat still with her folded hands dropped listlessly in her lap. That steadfast courage to which she had held on so long was failing her for the moment, for Lady Arthur, with no gentle breath, had breathed that whisper in her ear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Large Eyes.

Large eyes have always been admired, especially in women, and may be considered essential to the highest order of beauty, in almost every description of which, from Helen of Troy to any modern heroine, they hold a prominent place.

We read of "large, spiritual eyes," and "eyes loving large," and "little, sparkling, beady eyes," to which the epithets "spiritual" and "loving" are never applied.

Arabs express their idea of the beauty of a woman by saying that she has the eye of a gazelle. This is the burden of his song. The timidity, gentleness and innocent fear in the eye of the "deer" tribe are compared with the modesty of a young girl: "Let her be as the lioness, who is always strong to humble and abase themselves, whose beastly sin is pride, just come down here and take a dose or two of hotel clerk.

Whenever I feel that I need to be taken down a peg or two, that I am rising too high, and am an inmate of some friend of yours who may be an inmate of the house. Providing you are a Major-General or a Congress man you may receive a satisfactory answer. If you are a Brigadier, you may get a vague one. If a Colonel, it may be necessary to wait three or four minutes. If a Captain or a Lieutenant, six or seven. If a mere civilian—but words fail to convey an idea of the manner in which civilians are crushed and subjugated when they propound their modest inquiries. Not that they are rude. O, no! But there is a majesty, a loftiness, an exaltation, a consciousness of power in the words, looks and gestures which reduce the inquirer in his own estimation to the last verge of inferiority.

Christians who are always strong to humble and abase themselves, whose beastly sin is pride, just come down here and take a dose or two of hotel clerk.

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and am an inmate of some friend of yours who may be an inmate of the house.

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and am an inmate of some friend of yours who may be an inmate of the house.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Cases for Accident Insurance Companies
Everybody should get insured against accidents. No matter if you belong to one of the "best of families"—accidents will happen to them.

Get a policy. The old proverb says "Honesty is the best policy," but that was before Accident Insurance Companies started. Now the best policy is a policy in the "Breakneck."

The other day a man in Chicago fell out of a fourth story window. He had no insurance, and consequently was killed. Another man on the same day fell out with his wife. He was insured in the "Breakneck," and is ready to fall out again.

A woman driving a spirited horse in St. Louis, was run away with. Being insured against accidents, she wasn't alarmed a bit, stopped the horse, and came back safe. Her policy running out, she neglected to renew it. Shortly after she was run away with again. Her husband's partner ran away with her this time, and she hasn't come back yet. Don't fail to renew your policy, particularly if it is in the "Breakneck."

At Dubuque, Iowa, a man was kicked by a horse. The horse wasn't insured, and got kicked back.

Near Paris, Ky., a man, while engaged in running a circular saw, had his arms taken off. They consisted of a cavalry sabre and a double barreled shot gun. The man who carried them off had an accident insurance—and he hasn't been caught yet.

In Utica, N. Y., a man accidentally got married. Being insured in the "Breakneck," he will receive \$15 a week until he recovers.

Near Portland, Maine, a poor man fell from a loft and broke his neck. He received his insurance, \$8,000, from the "Breakneck," with which he was enabled to set himself up in business, and is now doing well.

Our agent at Cleveland, O., writes: "A lumber horse ran away with a loaded wagon, and tipped the street over into a small woman and six elderly children. The horse began to cry and the wagon bled freely at the nose, but otherwise the street is doing well. No insurance."

A boiler exploded at Memphis, blowing the engineer into the air quite out of sight. He will receive \$15 a day until he comes down again.

A hog drover in Mount Sterling, Ky., was very much hurt by a fall—fall in pork. No insurance.

A man ran away from Litchfield, Ill., to avoid paying his debts. He left a family (not being able to take them with him). No insurance.

A man accidentally fell from his steamer at New Orleans, into the river. As he was sinking the third time he suddenly rethought that his policy in the "Breakneck" had expired. He then swam ashore, sought out the agent and renewed his policy, and immediately returned to the river and sank the third time in a serene and tranquil manner.

Fortune Telling.

One of our exchanges is responsible for the following story relative to this popular and pernicious vice:

Not many evenings since it is recorded that a sinner who has escaped hanging for, let us say, many years, was in company with several ladies. The subject of fortune telling was introduced. Several of the "angels" pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment of having written to Madam This and Madam That to furnish them leaves in their future history. Instances were mentioned of some very remarkable developments in a certain case hereabouts.

Old R—— was asked for his opinion. He replied: "So far as I am personally concerned, I know more about myself than I wish to. I don't think any good comes of those things. I had a friend who dressed himself in lady's clothes and called upon a celebrated prophetess. He did not believe she would discover the disguise, but he heard what made him exceedingly unhappy." Here the old reprostitute ceased. A lady much interested asked, "What did she tell him?" "She told him he was to marry soon, and become the mother of ten children!"

Selecting Fowls.

The famous Platt Evans, of Cincinnati, had an original mode of selecting fowls, which did him good service on one occasion. Going to market one morning, Platt's attention was caught by a pile of dressed geese, in a market wagon. Now, Platt was very fond of geese, but liked them tender. He had been deceived in his selections, and resolved not to be fooled again. Approaching the farmer, Platt stammered a little, the farmer replied, when quoth Platt: "I see you've got just a dozen. I keep b-b-boards, and they are the blamedest eaters you ever saw. Are these geese t-t-tough?" The farmer said there were several young and tender ones in the lot. "W-w-well," said Platt, "t-t-take pick out the t-t-tough ones and lay them in a p-p-pile." The farmer obliged him, placing all the tough together, when Platt suddenly remarked, "I'll t-take these three," seizing the three young and tender fowls which had been so carefully culled by the farmer.

Things Unknown.

Show us the young woman whose waist has ever been encompassed by an arm of the sea.

Where is the identical nose of the bellows that ever smelt a rat?

Where is the person that was ever felt for by the heart of an oak?

Was any barber ever applied to to shave the board of an oyster?

What vocalist lay claim to having ever been listened to by an ear of corn?

Who has ever been pushed by a shoulder of motion? (We know of many who have been pushed for one.)

The individual who was ever seen by the eye of a potato has not been visible.

Was there ever an individual unlucky enough to be abused by the mouth of any river?

Who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of drawers?

BRIMSTONE.—A Bible class were asked to name the precious stones named in the Bible. After several scholars had given answers, one little fellow was called out. "Well, Thomas, what precious stones have you found?" "Brimstone," answered the boy. It is needless to say that a number of handkerchiefs were called into requisition to choke down the "depraved human nature" that seemed desirous of manifesting itself in laughter.



STUPENDOUS TRIUMPH OF THE HAIRDRESSER'S ART!

THE VERY LAST THING IN CHIGNON.

STAINLEY FERRY.

This is Stainley Ferry;
Here we met and parted—
Meeting, we were merry,
Parting, broken hearted.
She came—she went away,
I kissed her—she was gone:
Unchanged at all, from day to day
The river is flowing on.

Still looks Stainley Ferry,
By the peaceful river;
Ever changing faces
Come and go for ever;
Never one may stay—
They flit—they fade—are gone;
While still unchanged, from day to day
The river is flowing on.

Why by Stainley Ferry
Muse I like a lover?
Love must come and vanish,
Youth is quickly over;
Sweet lips turn to clay,
Pleasure must begone,
While still unchanged, from day to day,
The river is flowing on.

A Little Sermon.

Sometimes I compare the trouble we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unites the bundle, and gives us one stick, which we are able to carry to-day, and then another, which we are able to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we could only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

THE SUNSET.

O, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful gush
Of golden light o'er the sunset's flush!
It is fading now—hush! ah, hush!

Tauh tales from us life's golden haze,
And all down the dusky ways
In rapt astonishment we gaze,

And wonder where have fled the dreams
That floating, cloud-like, brought us gleams
Of all that high and holy seem—

And wonder where the glorious deeds
That were to fill life's empty needs
With bright eternity's living seeds.

We wonder, ah, but dim at last
The truth comes slowly drifting past,
With anchor lost and drooping mast.

We watch it with a shuddering sigh,
And wait till death doth draw us high
To heaven, where youth's dreams never die.

A JOY WANTED.—The other night when the thermometer stood at zero a prominent citizen was aroused by a violent knocking at the door of his domicile. Supposing that something extraordinary had happened, he jumped out of bed and opened the door, when he found a boy who questioned him as follows: "Do you live here? Are you going to live here next summer? Do you own this house?" Upon receiving affirmative answers the boy further interrogated "Mr. ——, will you want your garden ploughed next spring, because if you do, I want the job." The "prominent citizen" slammed the door and went back to bed with anything but a religious turn of mind.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

EVERGREEN SCREENS.

Evergreen trees may be turned to so many accounts, useful and ornamental, that the farmer who lives through an agricultural lifetime without in some way utilizing them, dies somewhat derelict of duty.

Evergreen trees and shrubs of some sorts are indigenous to almost every region of the United States, from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Mexico, the Atlantic coast to the shores of the Pacific; and as with care and proper management; every one of the varieties may be transplanted with entire success, and as the winter and the spring period are seasons as proper as any for the transplanting, the present is an appropriate time to remind residents of the rural regions of the advantages of transplanting, propagating and utilizing evergreens.

An efficient break-wind may be made by a double or triple row of strong growing ever-

to be mothers, pretty close to the fire, gives each one thirteen eggs, and they bring out always on an average twelve lively wide-awake chickens each, nearly every one of which reaches a marketable age with very little trouble.

Uncle Eb. has less faith in the feed regulations than most poultrymen have, contending that it is the "warm" and the north-west wall that brings out the eggs and spring chickens that way. He argues also that four dozen fowls are just the precise number for profit in any one establishment; he wouldn't have another hen, unless he had another house. Uncle Eb. began with Bramahs and Dominiques, but he has mixed all up into everything. Good layers though, and capital table birds.

DRAINING.

On the whole, everything taken into consideration, draining can be done quite as economically, and wherever a superstructure of snow does not interfere with the operation, more comfortably in the winter than at any other season of the year. To be sure there will be a hard shell of frozen surface soil in the way; but with a sharp mattock and long bladed post ax, that is soon chipped out of the way, and then it is all plain sailing. All the water frozen up solid, there is no treading mortar and sloshing around in the mud—all dry digging—clean dirt. Besides this advantage, there is that of cheaper labor. Men and teams are more at leisure than during the hurrying seasons, so that digging out, hauling tiles, and filling in, all cost less than in busier times. A friend who drained about thirty acres of his farm in spring and fall, and over eighty more of the same kind of land since, and during frozen winter weather, keeping a close account of cost, says that land can be drained in the winter where the ground is bare of snow, and frozen five or six inches deep, twenty per cent. cheaper than it can during the busy seasons.

GATHERED GRAINS.

—Maine Farmer says: J. B. Beedie, of Richmond, Me., stuck an eighteen month old pig on December 14th, that weighed six hundred and sixty-six pounds. Some great hogs among Maine men—pork hogs of course.

—There has been a long and lively discussion as to which of our many breeds of fowls are the best winter layers. We should say the May-days.

—The Farmer's and Stock Breeder's Journal, for December, says: "GINGER—A good tonic. From a drachm, to a drachm and a half of this may be given." To whom or what, if you please, Mr. Journal?

—One county south-west, has clubbed to hold on to hogs till pork gets up to seventeen cents on the hoof. There'll be a life-long pull at the bristles if they stick to that sow.

—Some Swedish sausages are solidifying milk by freezing all the water out of it artificially. Why not? What's to hinder?

—Mutton sold December 26th, in Boston, at from four to six cents per pound. A great deal of poultry couldn't be sold at any price. Board \$7 to \$20 per week.

—Up on Lake Huron people are pulling ever so many fine, fat trout—fifteen pounds, up through holes in the ice. Pretty profitable pastime.

RECIPIES.

TO MAKE ONION SAUCE to be eaten with thin streaked and well boiled pickled pork, which tastes like tripe, or as sauce for mutton, rabbits, &c.

Have a saucerpan of boiling water in which is a lump of salt and a bit of bacon fat or dripping, the size of a bean. Cut the onions in very thin rings, throw them into the boiling water, make them boil very fast. In six or eight minutes they will be sufficiently cooked (a minute longer will take all taste from them), throw them into a colander, squeeze them dry with a saucer, turn them into a basin, flour them slightly, mash them quickly with a wooden spoon, and mix in a little milk, then cover the basin with a plate and put in the oven to reheat.

TO BOIL EGGS.—Peel and wash them, throw them into plenty of boiling water with a bit of fat and a lump of salt. Let them boil quickly, very quickly, for an hour. They must not be exposed to the air, but be drained quickly and served with or without white sauce over, or with cold butter. Cooked in this way, they are like marrow, and exceedingly wholesome.

Any vegetables, excepting potatoes, broccoli, and cauliflower, are as well cooked in the morning as when the fire is wanted for perhaps other things, if the dinner be a late one.

Wash all vegetables in warm water, each kind singly, then in cold, where they must remain for an hour.

Water rather more than warm kills all insects, worms, and snails, and makes them drop out of vegetables.

CRUST PASTE FOR TARTS.—Mix one pound of flour with one ounce of loaf-sugar, sifted, make into a stiff paste with a gill of boiling cream, and three ounces of butter in it; work it well and roll it out thin; when you have made your tart, beat the white of an egg, and rub them over with a feather; sift a little double-refined sugar over them, and bake in a moderate oven.

FRONZ CAKE.—Take sixteen eggs; separate the whites from the yolks; beat them very lightly; sift into the yolks one pound of flour, adding a few drops of essence of almond or lemon, to flavor; then add one pound and a quarter of pulverized loaf sugar; beat this well with a knife; then add the whites whipped to a stiff froth. Have ready the pan and their nests and lay in them.

The queer cabin faces south-east, is about twelve feet wide and twenty-four feet long—the ends and front, a rude frame concern, but patched up very tight—three six-light windows—8 by 10 glass in front, slab roof, shed fashion, slanting to the front and projecting over the side about three feet. Three yards from the door runs a little stream of pure, spring water, that never freezes. Uncle Eb. carries a supply from the brook, into a trough within the hen house. In winter, he maintains a fire regularly, keeping biddie's quarters quite as comfortable as his own; feeds three times a day—all sorts of material, a little at a time—buckwheat, and boiled potatoes one day, then boiled oats, sour milk and cabbage leaves—boiled corn, half-rotten apples—often charcoal dust and a little sulphur in cornmeal mush—always bones pounded fine, all sorts of scraps of meat from the table, and offal of hogs and beef cattle at killing time boiled, salted a little, and dealt out a little at a time. The ashes made are thrown out in heaps for the hens to wallow in.

Uncle Eb. keeps just an even four dozen laying hens, that average three dozen eggs per day regularly, through all the cold weather till about the twentieth of February, when generally a fourth of the number take a fancy to go to housekeeping.

A CRISP CAKE.—Pare and stew three pints of apples; mash them, and add four eggs, a quartet of a pound of butter, sugar and nutmeg, or grated lemon. Bake it on short crust.

KNADY REMEDIES.—When a chimney is on fire, throw a quantity of salt on the fire. In a modern-built house such an event is rarely dangerous; it only is so in old houses having wood-work in the chimney.

For a Burn or Scald, use glycerine or cotton wool, or tie it up in oiled silk. For stings of wasps or bees, use sweet oil. For chapped hands, use glycerine every night. For chilblains, soak the parts in hot water, and rub in spirits of turpentine. For toothache, hold a piece of rock alum in the mouth. For sore throat, a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper in a tumbler of water, and gargle the throat. For hiccoughs, put a drop or two of vinegar on the tongue. For worm, rub with borax dissolved in a little water. For bleeding cuts, bind round cotton wool.

THE RIDDLE.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 16, 15, 18, 11, 6, 9, 17, 22, was an ancient philosopher.

My 7, 2, 4, 8, 5, 15, 21, is a number.

My 1, 10, 19, 19, 17, 21, is a man's name.

My 3, 20, 14, 12, is a bird.

My 8, 15, 4, 15, 21, was an ancient lawgiver.

My whole is the name of a Major General of the Union Army in the late war.

WILL A. MCTEER.

Gamble's Store, East Tennessee, Dec. 24, 1866.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first young girls are apt to be, But this in time will pass away.

My second is a cornfield note, Oft heard upon an autumn day.

My third is quite a western word, When an "ahead" is fastened to it.

My whole's the fastest place out west.

Now, if you doubt me, come and view it.

Pecoria.

ALICE.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.